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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
Virginia Historical Society
AT ITS
ANNUAL MEETING
HELD IN THE
HOUSE OF THE SOCIETY
ON
FEBRUARY 25, 1915

MITCHELL & HOTCHKISS
PRINTERS TO THE SOCIETY
RICHMOND, VA.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
Virginia Historical Society
IN
ANNUAL MEETING HELD FEBRUARY 25, 1915.

The Annual Meeting was held at the Society's House on Thursday, February 25th at 4:30 P. M., with President W. Gordon McCabe in the chair.

The first business was the reading of President McCabe's Annual Report as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE VIRGINIA
HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR 1914.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

I have the honor to submit the following Report, giving a *résumé* of the work of the Society and a detailed statement of its finances, membership and property for the year ending November 30th, 1914—which Report has been duly examined, verified and unanimously approved by your Executive Committee.

While there is little of special, or even of unusual, significance to chronicle, it is a source of no small satisfaction to report that well nigh every plan outlined for 1914 in our last Annual Report has been carried through to successful com-

pletion, and that, despite many adverse circumstances, much solid achievement has crowned the ever-widening aims of our venerable association.

Notwithstanding the "hard times," due partly, at first, to what "men of affairs" deemed "hostile legislation," and, partly, later on, to the dislocation of all industrial, commercial and financial activities consequent upon the outbreak and prosecution of the present momentous European War, the Society has yet had another year of gratifying prosperity.

Our membership has, it is true, decreased somewhat, but only to a very small extent. Such decrease we must, of course, always look for in times of financial stringency. Some members drop out because they feel that they must practice a rigid economy, and, next to the church or one's wife, historical societies offer an alluring field for beginning the exercise of this antique virtue. Correspondingly, for the same reason, it is difficult to secure new members to take their places.

However, owing to a considerable reduction in the salaries of members of our staff (which they themselves, of their own initiative, urged upon us), and, fortunately, to an increase of income from our endowment, together with an unusually large sale of the older issues of our Magazine, our financial condition is every whit as sound as it was when we made our last gratifying Report. During the twelve months since that Report was presented, we have spent over one thousand dollars for necessary repairs and for "fire protection," yet our "Permanent Endowment Fund" is, within a minute fraction, as large as it was at the end of our last fiscal year.

It is distasteful in the extreme to make further allusion in our Reports to those conscienceless delinquents on our rolls, who do not hesitate to receive our valuable publications, while complacently ignoring the modest bills for the same sent to them at regular intervals. Owing to the drastic purging of our rolls during the last three or four years, only an ignoble handful of them is left, and these will be dropped early in 1915 unless they speedily seek to rehabilitate themselves, and to be classed among "the noblest works of God."

As proposed in the Appendix to our last Report, a large portion of the west-wing of the "Society House" has been during the past year pulled down and rebuilt in more solid fashion, while "fire-shutters" have been placed on all the windows in the same wing. These protective improvements have made the "House" stronger and safer from fire than it has ever been before. The plans outlined in the same Appendix for securing funds necessary for the erection of a fire-proof "Annex" in rear of our present building, have, in view of the prevailing financial stringency, been postponed to "a more convenient season." Such was the reluctant decision of your Committee after long and careful deliberation.

It may be noted here that about the beginning of the year our Assistant Librarian, Mrs. Sally Nelson Robins, resigned her position, in order to devote herself more entirely to purely literary work. It was with unaffected regret that your Committee felt bound to yield to Mrs. Robins's wishes in the matter and to accept her resignation. It is only simple justice, not mere compliment, to record here that, by reason of her intimate knowledge of early Virginia history (almost a birthright to one of her historic lineage), her accuracy as a genealogist, her intuitive skill in following up successfully the faintest genealogical clues, and her wide general culture, she has proved herself one of the most efficient members of our staff, while the charm of her high-bred personality and her gracious manners have contributed in no small measure toward rendering the "Society House," apart from its high historical associations, a cosey, home-like spot, breathing an air of refined and kindly welcome not only to our own people, but to distinguished strangers within our gates.

At the generous suggestion of our Corresponding Secretary, it was decided not to elect any successor to Mrs. Robins (who, we hope, will, after a time, heed "the call of the blood" and come back to us), but to employ a "locum tenens," who, at a reduced salary, will give us only a portion of her time, the Secretary voluntarily taking on a part of the work. This arrangement has proved entirely satisfactory, and has resulted in a substantial saving in our "salary account."

Our membership is now 750, a decrease of 14. This loss is more than accounted for by our large necrology, 21 deaths among our members having been reported since our last Report. That our finances continue in a thoroughly sound and satisfactory condition is evidenced by the subjoined Treasurer's Report.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Balance in Bank December 1, 1913.....\$83.95

Receipts.

Annual Dues.....	\$2,764.75	
Life Members.....	200.00	
Sale of Magazines.....	408.20	
Sale of Publications.....	13.50	
Interest.....	648.79	
Rent.....	150.00	
Advertisements.....	40.00	
Certificates of Deposit Cashed.....	1,100.00	\$5,325.24
		<hr/>
		\$5,409.19

Disbursements.

Salaries.....	\$1,548.67	
Wages.....	305.00	
Printing Magazines.....	1,493.07	
Rebuilding, Repairs and Fire Protection.....	991.54	
Postage and Express.....	108.98	
Sundry Bills.....	202.17	
Insurance.....	117.00	
To Permanent Fund.....	300.00	
Interest.....	.36	
Miscellaneous Printing.....	36.40	
Books, Stationery and Binding.....	95.50	5,198.69
Balance in Bank November 30, 1914.....		210.50
		<hr/>
		\$5,409.19

Permanent Fund.

3% Savings Deposit.....	\$300.00
Mortgage 6%.....	1,000.00
Mortgage 6%.....	5,500.00
Twenty-five (25) Shares of Stock in the Citizen's Bank of Norfolk, Va., paying 10% dividends, estimated value.....	5,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$12,300.00

In accordance with an order of the Executive Committee, the Treasurer presents the following tabulated statement showing the sources from which the Permanent Fund is derived. What is termed the "Society's Fund" comprises the amount the Committee has been able to save from year to year out of the ordinary revenues of the Society.

The Virginia Sturdivant McCabe Fund, given by the President of the Society in loving memory of his grand-daughter Virginia Sturdivant McCabe, born February 1, 1906, died August 11, 1909.....	\$500.00
The Jane Pleasants Harrison Osborne McCabe Fund, given by the President of the Society in loving memory of his wife, Jane Pleasants Harrison Osborne McCabe, who died November 22, 1912.....	500.00
Daughters of the American Revolution Fund.....	100.00
Byam K. Stevens Fund.....	650.00
Edward Wilson James Fund.....	4,500.00
Society's Fund.....	6,050.00
	<hr/>
	\$12,300.00

It should be observed that while the report of current receipts and disbursements is for the fiscal year ending November 30th, the statement of the amount of the Permanent Fund is brought up to the date of the Annual Meeting.

It is hardly necessary to state that the business conditions of the country during 1914 were not propitious for any kind of work which involved raising or collecting money. Notwithstanding this, the reports show our year to have been a successful one. There was a decrease of \$223.75 in the collection of annual dues as compared with the preceding year; but this was more than compensated for by increase in sale of magazines, life-membership fees and interest. Omitting gifts and entries required by change of investments, our receipts in 1914 from all ordinary sources were \$126.57 more than in 1913. And in the same year our expenditures were somewhat smaller than in 1913. Our balance at the end of the fiscal year 1914 was \$210.50 against \$83.95 in 1913. The Permanent Fund has increased \$250.00 since 1913. Since 1912 we have spent \$1,000.00 from the Permanent Fund for absolutely necessary work on our building, yet we now have only \$100.00 less in the Fund than we had in 1912.

All this makes the financial condition of the Society very gratifying.

Respectfully submitted,

ROBERT A. LANCASTER, JR.,
Treasurer.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

The additions to the Library in books and pamphlets number 605, an increase of 137 over last year.

The donors, to whom we wish to make grateful acknowledgement, are: Hon. Armistead C. Gordon, Thos. F. Ryan, Col. John P. Nicholson, U. S. A., Col. Jennings C. Wise, A. C.

Quisenberry, Judge Geo. L. Christian, C. W. Holmes, Geo. S. Goddard, Benj. L. Bowling, C. C. Magruder, Jr., Fairfax Harrison, W. Gordon McCabe, Amory Lee, C. J. H. Woodbury, J. R. Whitcroft, E. Dwelley, Henry P. Dart, W. H. Siebert, M. P. Andrews, Thos. B. Rowland, J. H. Dillard, Frederick Huidekoper, J. F. Johnson, Thos. H. Harris, J. G. Hankins, Major McHenry Howard, Major J. F. Crocker, C. H. Howe, W. W. Scott, R. G. Brown, C. B. Alexander, Rev. H. E. Hayden, D. D., J. M. Kemper, Professors Lyon G. Tyler, J. F. Jameson and A. J. Morrison; Mesdames Elizabeth Talbot Belt, Jas. P. Cook, Fannie A. Dupuy, J. Burbidge Halyburton, G. T. W. Kern, Wm. H. Lambert, James M. Lawton, Edgar M. Marburg, Martha T. Rives, Mary McArthur Tuttle; Smithsonian Institution, American Historical Association, U. S. War Department, Ancient and Honorable Artillery (of Mass.), U. S. Commissioner of Education, U. S. National Museum, West Virginia Semi-Centennial Commission, University of Chicago, University of California, University of Wisconsin, Library of Congress, Virginia State Library, Sons of the American Revolution, Society of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America, New England Society of Cleveland and the Western Reserve, Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society, Litchfield (Conn.) County Club, Carnegie Endowment for Universal Peace, American Clan Gregor Society, Bangor (Me.) Historical Society, Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, Society of Colonial Dames in the State of Virginia, and Richmond Chamber of Commerce.

GIFTS AND BEQUESTS.

Among gifts to the Society worthy of special mention are:

1. Two well-preserved portraits in oils (painted about 1720)—one, of Col. George Eskridge of Westmoreland County, and the other, of one of his two wives, though which one of the "two charmers" is uncertain. These portraits, to which allusion was made in our last Report, were bequeathed to us by will of the late General P. C. Rust of New York City, and form a welcome addition to our historic gallery of "Virginia Worthies."

2. A large and finely executed oleotype copy of the portrait of Mary (Ball) Washington by the English artist, R. E. Pine, presented by W. Lanier Washington, esq., of New York, owner of the original. This picture has been appropriately hung next the portrait of Col. Eskridge, guardian of Mary Ball, whose illustrious son, it has been surmised, received his Christian name in honor of this faithful friend, who wisely administered her estate during her girlhood.

3. A silhouette portrait ("cut" by William Henry Brown) of the Rt. Rev. William White, first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, "English Succession" (1787), and the first Bishop of Pennsylvania—presented (framed) by Mrs. William H. Whitridge of Baltimore, Md.

4. A photographic facsimile of John Rolfe's famous letter to Dale in regard to his proposed marriage to Pocahontas (the original of which is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford), presented by Benjamin L. Bowling, esq., of Urbanna, Ill.

5. The "Arms" (in colors) of George Ruggles, member of the "Virginia Company" (of London), presented by Henry Stoddard Ruggles of Wakefield, Mass.

6. Nineteen MS. volumes of the business correspondence and account books of Matthew and Robert Anderson, merchants of Williamsburg, Virginia, (1800-1850), valuable to economic students of the first half of the nineteenth century as giving much first-hand detailed information touching business conditions in "Tide-Water Virginia" during the period covered—presented by the Hon. James Alston Cabell of Richmond.

7. Through Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson of this city, John Selden, esq., of Washington, D. C., has given the Society the "service sword" used by his father, Lieut. William Selden (afterwards Treasurer of the United States) during the war of 1812; and, in addition, some seventy or eighty letters written to his father by Martin Van Buren, Thomas Ritchie ("the Warwick of Democracy"), Andrew Stevenson (Speaker of the House of Representatives and Minister to England), and by others of like prominence in politics.

8. Not without interest, by reason of associations, is a silver-mounted hatchet of Colonial pattern, made from the wood

of a cherry-tree that grew at "Wakefield," in Westmoreland Co., the birth-place of George Washington—presented by R. C. Ballard Thruston, esq., of Louisville, Ky. No one of your Committee can authoritatively pronounce whether or not this hatchet was fashioned from the identical cherry-tree, touching the mutilation of which the youthful "G. W." firmly refused to prevaricate when unduly pressed by an irate and unreasonable father. The identification would, of course, present no difficulties to "Parson Weems," were that patriotic chronicler still alive, but historians endowed with his rich imagination have long since ceased to busy themselves with Virginia history, at least, and our perplexity will probably never be resolved.

PUBLICATIONS.

Vol. XXII of our Magazine was published during the year, and, as usual, its accomplished editor has adhered to his settled purpose of printing (except in very rare instances) only original first-hand documents relating to our Colonial history.

1. Briefly, we may note that several series of papers (some of which have been running through our pages for several years past) have been finally completed. These include (1) the "Randolph Manuscript"; (2) "Revolutionary General and Special Orders," issued to the main army under Washington during 1778-79; (3) "Virginia Soldiers in the Revolution," edited with scholarly accuracy and acumen by Messrs. W. O. Waters and C. A. Flagg, to both of whom we once again make most grateful acknowledgment for this admirable piece of work performed by them without the slightest compensation apart from the plaudits of their fellow-workers in the domain of Revolutionary history.

2. Owing to imperative professional engagements, our kind friend, Mr. Lothrop Withington, of London, for whose generous labors we have had so often to record our gratitude, was able to furnish transcripts of the "Minutes of the Council and General Court" only for two issues of the Magazine, but, beginning with our January number (1915), the publication will be resumed and regularly carried on until the whole is finished.

3. The "Council Papers" (1698-1701), transcribed by the Society's copyist from the rare and long-forgotten MS volume, so entitled, in the Virginia State Library, ran through the year in our pages to the keen delight of many readers, as did the "Abstracts" and "Complete Transcripts" of original papers in the British Public Records Office, embracing the letters and more formal documents exchanged between the Home Government and Virginia Colonial officials during the year 1677. It would be idle to dwell on the obvious import of these papers, dealing as they do with many of the most important phases of political and commercial activities during the seventeenth century.

4. In addition to the above mentioned series, we have published during the year a large number of miscellaneous papers of rare value. In the absence of complete lists of "Vital Statistics," very many of which were wantonly destroyed by the Federal armies from 1861 to 1865, though it is only fair to add that not a few perished through fire previous to the outbreak of the war, we are compelled in Virginia to supplement the information usually embraced in such statistics by printing lists of marriage-bonds, wills, tax-assessments, and like data, that can only be found in the county records of the state. Especially valuable in this respect has been the "Index to Brunswick County Wills," contributed by the painstaking antiquarian, Mr. W. B. Cridlin, of this city, who, we are glad to add, will continue his good work.

Among other manuscript material published during the year, noteworthy are: (1) the will of William Beverley (who was really the founder of the Scotch-Irish settlement in Augusta County), generously given to us by our colleague on the Executive Committee, Hon'l. Armistead C. Gordon, Rector of the University of Virginia; (2) a series of highly interesting contemporary letters touching the adventurous career of Captain John Harris (of Hampton, Va.), as an officer in the "Virginia Revolutionary Navy," contributed by the great-great grandson of that naval worthy, Col. Walter Drew McCaw of the Medical Corps, U. S. A.; (3) the Revolutionary correspondence of Colonel Josiah Parker, of Isle of Wight county, found a few years ago

among the papers of Governor John B. Floyd of Virginia, and contributed by the latter's grandson, Hon'l. R. M. Hughes of Norfolk, widely known throughout the commonwealth not only as a learned jurist but as a keen and accomplished antiquarian. This hitherto unpublished correspondence comprises letters of great historical value from Jefferson, Gen'l Thomas Nelson, Baron Von Steuben, Lafayette and other conspicuous Revolutionary figures; (4) extracts from a recently discovered Vestry Book of "Camden Parish," Pittsylvania, relating to Colonial Churches in that county, contributed by Mrs. N. E. Clement of Chatham, Virginia.

It may be noted just here that "the future historian" of the educational facilities provided in Virginia from the close of the Revolution up to the end of the second decade of the last century, will find invaluable clues for the prosecution of his investigations in the lists (carefully arranged by our Secretary) of articles and advertisements relating to our Virginia schools and colleges that appeared in Richmond newspapers from 1786 to 1820.

We have drawn too during the year more largely than usual from original papers in our own collections. Noteworthy among these are: (1) "Letters from Richard Adams (1) to (his brother) Thomas Adams," who went from Virginia to England about 1762, became a rich London merchant, and did not return until 1774, when the repressive acts passed by Parliament presaged the coming storm. Both were tobacco planters as well as large exporters of "the divine weed," and enjoyed the repute of being "gentlemen of the first Fortunes and character, who acted from Principles of Honour in trade." Allied by blood and marriage to many of the leading families in the state, both were prominent not only in the commercial, but in the social and political, life of the time. Richard represented first New Kent, then Henrico, in the House of Burgesses, became a member of the Revolutionary Convention of 1775-76 and, later on, of the House and Senate in the Virginia Legislature, dying at his stately "Georgian mansion" on "Richmond Hill" (as "Church Hill" was then called) in 1800, "the largest landowner of his day in Richmond." Thomas, after his return,

became a member of the "Privy Council of Virginia" in 1777, of the Continental Congress, 1778-79, and of the Virginia Senate from 1784 to 1787. These letters carefully edited and enriched with a wealth of genealogical and historical notes by our erudite Secretary, are not only of moment to economic students (dealing as they do largely with the commerce of the Colony just previous to the Revolution), but, enlivened with much gossip of the time, possess marked interest for the general reader; (2) "Church Patronage in Virginia," containing the elaborate argument of counsel for "Bruton Parish" (Williamsburg) vs: Lieut.-Governor Spotswood (1718) in the long legal contest on the part of the Vestries to control the patronage of Church "livings"—a contest in which the Vestries were finally victorious, and which, the historian Campbell declares, "was the embryo of the Revolution" (this is reprinted from our "Ludwell Papers"); germane to this last, (3) "Animadversions on a Paper Entituled Virginia Addresses Printed in Philadelphia," a document evidently prepared by the House of Burgesses during their quarrel with Spotswood (1719)—"a very pretty quarrel as it stands" in our October Magazine (as Sir Lucius O' Trigger would say), and one that shall be pursued further.

It is pleasant to record here, as the upshot of it all, that the "high-church" (and also high-minded) old Governor, jealous of his prerogative, and his recalcitrant Burgesses, equally jealous of their "Antient Rights," finally managed, on the soothing advice of Lord Orckney, Governor-in-Chief at "home", to compose their differences, and that Mr. Commissary Blair, who had been drawn into the bitter feud much against his will, came off, as usual, with flying colors, owing to his hard Scotch sense and moderation in debate; (4) a series of highly important letters, never before published, covering a wide range as to time and subject-matter, from 1689 to 1846.

Mr. Lothrop Withington's delightful "Virginia Gleanings in England (Wills etc)," to which we have so repeatedly adverted in our Reports, have been continued throughout the year, and, as always, have elicited much enthusiastic commendation from our readers, shedding, as they do, such illuminating side-lights

not only on the social life, but, almost equally, on the economic development of the Colony in the 17th century.

The Departments of "Book Reviews," "Notes and Queries," and "Genealogy" have been kept up to their usual high standard, and we wish gratefully to record in connection with the last named department that, during the past year, it has been made even more attractive than ever before by the insertion in the genealogical text of a large number of engravings from Colonial family portraits kindly sent us by many kind contributors.

1915.

During 1915, the "Minutes of the Council and General Court," the Sainsbury "Abstracts," as well as the "Complete Transcripts," from the originals in the British "Public Records Office," from 1677 on, (commonly known as the "De Jarnette," "Winder," and "McDonald," Papers, MSS. Division, Va. State Library) and the "Virginia Gleanings in England," will all be continued. The Council Papers (1698-1701) will probably be concluded during the year.

In our January number, we begin the publication of one of those rare Colonial "Assessment Lists" that are still extant—that of Pittsylvania County for 1767, annotated by Mrs. N. E. Clements of Chatham, another of whose valuable contributions we have already mentioned in this Report. A close perusal of this "List" will doubtless afford much speculation to students of Virginia history. Pittsylvania, at that time, was well-nigh a frontier county, and yet the "List" discloses the fact that only a very small number of its settlers were possessed of landed property. The problem suggests itself, how did this landless majority make its living? Were they "tenant farmers," or "squatters," or was there a large element of free labor in that section? In the same number, will appear the "Letters of Thomas Adams" (mentioned above) to London merchants and to other correspondents.

We confidently expect to resume publication very shortly of the "Legislative Petitions" and other like documents in the

Virginia "State Archives," dealing with the period just anterior to the Revolution and the earlier years of that momentous struggle. We shall also print, from time to time, valuable first-hand data as to Virginia Revolutionary soldiers.

Following the precedent set during the past year, we propose to print a large number of letters and papers hitherto unpublished belonging to our own collections, and we still cherish the hope of soon beginning the copying and publishing of numerous documents relating to Virginia in the Seventeenth century now in the Library of Congress. Permission to copy and to make use of these priceless papers was generously accorded us by the head of that great Library, who some years ago caused transcripts of the originals in the British Public Records Office to be made by members of his staff of expert copyists.

Our Magazine, we may say, without imputation of immodesty, continues to hold its established place among the foremost journals of its aim and scope at home and abroad, and your Committee, while recording again its high sense of the loyal and efficient service of its entire staff, desires, in an especial manner, to bear grateful testimony to the zeal, learning and unwearied industry of our accomplished Corresponding Secretary, to whom, more than to any other one person in our organization, this Society owes its enviable repute among historical scholars.

NECROLOGY.

Life Members.

OLIVIERO ANDREWS, Baltimore, Md.

JOHN C. GRAFFLIN, Baltimore, Md. (died previous to 1914, but death only recently reported).

M. E. INGALLS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GENERAL THOS. M. LOGAN, Howardsville, Va., and New York City.

J. B. WHITEHEAD, Norfolk, Va. (died previous to 1914, but death only recently reported).

Annual Members.

A. CAPERTON BRAXTON, Richmond, Va.
JAMES C. BRADFORD, Nashville, Tenn.
MAJOR T. L. BROUN, Charleston, W. Va.
W. C. BULLITT, Philadelphia, Pa.
WILSON MILES CARY, Baltimore, Md.
REV. WM. MEADE CLARK, D. D., Richmond, Va.
WM. FRED'K GRAY, Richmond, Va.
MRS. ANNE T. HUNTER, Cuero, Tex.
CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTON, M. D., Baltimore, Md.
JOHN R. LARUS, Baltimore, Md.
CAPT. ROBERT E. LEE, Romancoke, Va.
THOMAS E. PICKETT, M. D., Maysville, Ky.
REV. GEORGE G. SMITH, D. D., Macon, Ga.
MAJOR RICHARD S. THOMAS, Smithfield, Va.
CORNELIUS WALKER, Ossining, N. Y.
W. DEH. WASHINGTON, New York City.

This is by far the largest Necrology in the history of our Society. Last year, death claimed nine of our membership. This year (exclusive of two deaths reported only recently to the Secretary, though they actually occurred previous to 1914), "the dread Destroyer" has taken nineteen as his grisly toll.

This is simply appalling, but far beyond mere numerical reckoning must be counted the loss to the Society in the character, influence, and high personal and civic virtues of those who have been stricken from our rolls.

Of a certain number of these, we are unable to speak because of lack of personal knowledge, and you will agree that conventional eulogy of the dead, with its hollow, "academic note," is ever repellent to men and women of sound sense and deep feeling.

Of not a few others, so large is the place they filled in the eye of the community, state, and nation, any notice here of their varied activities would prove in most cases but an inadequate *résumé* of the more elaborate memorials of their lives and services, prepared by more competent hands and given to the public press at the time of their demise.

As an instance of the truth of this, we need only remind you of the noble tribute to our dearly loved colleague on the Executive Committee, the Rev. William Meade Clark, prepared by Mr. John Peyton McGuire, and Judge Daniel Grinnan, as a committee, and published in the July number of our Magazine. It would be indeed like "painting the lily" and "gilding refined gold" to attempt here to add aught to that portraiture so fraught with tenderness and informed with delicate insight into the beautiful character of that humble, yet fearless, servant of the Master, whose eloquence, learning and exalted piety must long remain a great tradition to Virginians irrespective of creed, whose hearts were uplifted and their faith confirmed, even in his life-time, by his godly example and his unselfish ministrations to all sorts, and conditions of men.

Equally idle, too, after all that has been written of his busy career, would be anything beyond a tender "*requiescat*" over the new-made grave of our dear friend, Caperton Braxton, the determined student, the learned jurist, the keen debater, the brilliant orator, the genial companion and delightful *raconteur*, who, like Edward Lushington, in "In Memoriam," "wore his weight of learning lightly like a flower," and whose high-bred courtesy, the inheritance of a long line of courtly ancestors, was equally as conspicuous in heated forensic discussion as in the refined atmosphere of exclusive drawing-rooms.

Another able and acute advocate, stricken during the year from our rolls, was James C. Bradford, of Nashville, Tennessee, long reckoned the leader of the bar in that city and one of the most eminent jurists in the whole South.

There were many points in common between his career and that of Braxton. Like the latter he was sprung of gentle blood and inherited all the best traditions of the gracious old Southern civilization—like him he knew the pinch of "genteel poverty" in his early youth, for his father, who had been a rich cotton-planter in Mississippi and who had served with distinction in the Confederate army, had been utterly ruined by the calamitous results of the war and had been driven to seek his fortunes afresh in a section of the great empire of Texas, where, at the time, the facilities for securing even a common school

education for his children were almost nil. But, like Braxton, he was of dogged grit—studied hard at the poorly equipped country-school—read every book he could lay hands on—then “clerked” for a time, as did Braxton, in a small dry-goods store—taught for two years in Louisiana, most of his pupils being of his own age or even older—lived all this time the rigorous life of a young Spartan, denying himself everything but the bare necessities of existence in order that, through the slender hoard he had saved, he might secure some proper preparation for the practice of the law. This had been his fixed ambition even in his teens. To this end, he went back to Nashville, the old “home-nest” of “his people” for generations—read law in the office of General G. P. Thruston, and very soon offered for practice at the Nashville bar.

Almost at once he impressed his seniors in the profession as a youth of extraordinary native parts, endowed with “an infinite capacity for taking pains.” The gods were kind—clients came to him—soon he was made “City Attorney” and that too at a time when a rare chance was offered to evidence the stuff that was in him. The city had just made a radical change in its form of municipal government, and the task fell to young Bradford of interpreting for the guidance of the recently elected City Council the true intent and scope of the new charter and of advising and instructing numberless city officials as to the proper limitations of their respective duties. His thorough grasp of the various problems involved and pressing for prompt solution, his ceaseless diligence, his learning, moderation and robust common-sense, as evidenced in his lucid interpretation of the new legislation, at once made him a man of mark not only in his profession, but to the practical business men of the city and, at the expiration of his term, he was unanimously re-elected to the office. A second term he served and then declined re-election because of his increasing practice. His foot was now firmly planted on the ladder and, thenceforward, his ascent was rapid and uninterrupted until the fatal bolt shot from the blue when he was at the very zenith of his usefulness and reputation.

It was said of Lord Truro that "he had talents enough to succeed without industry, and industry enough to succeed without talents." This might with perfect truth be said of Bradford, only those of us who knew and loved and admired him can never think of him as "without industry." Accuracy was a passion with him and it was the temper of his mind—eminently what we call "a legal mind"—never to leave anything to chance in his preparation—never to slur the minutest point. Commanding as were his native parts, the secret of his success lay, no doubt, in this prodigious industry coupled with the happy faculty, due to the rigid training of an inexorably logical mind, of brushing aside non-essentials, however plausibly presented, and going straight to the essential core of any subject that engaged his great powers. Added to this, his absolute fairness in things small and great was one of his most distinctive characteristics both in professional and private life.

He not only would not "take advantage" of his fellow man but he could not. His opponents at the bar, even in the sting of defeat, allowed that while his blows were heavy, he always "fought fair," and distained to "strike below the belt." He delighted in the subtleties of legal reasoning, and in widening the boundaries set by rigid precedent through delicate, yet inexorable, analogy, but he was possessed of an almost passionate reverence for his profession and had a robust contempt for what Shakespeare calls "the sharp quilllets of the law."

As his practice grew year by year, he was almost driven to specialize, and, like Braxton again, he became one of the best known "corporation lawyers," in the country, famous for the almost matchless skill, informed by fairness and "hard business sense," with which he drew the charters and by-laws of the great corporations that sought his counsel and guidance. So firmly was he now established in the respect and confidence of his people that not even the cheapest of cheap political demagogues, whose stock in trade is virulent arraignment of "corporations," and "the interests," ever dared assail the honesty of the methods he recommended.

In one respect, his professional career must seem unique to those of us who are mere laymen and unversed in the ways of

the bar. Apart from having served two terms as "City Attorney" of Nashville, he held no public office nor would he accept any permanent judicial position. Yet he was universally known as "Judge Bradford" from the fact, such was the confidence reposed by his brethren of the bar in his absolute fairness, learning, and integrity of judgment, that when some specially intricate and perplexing case was to be decided he was not seldom selected by them to preside over the circuit and chancery courts, while more than once governors of the state, at different times, appointed him to sit as a "special judge" on the Supreme Bench of Tennessee.

It has never before been mentioned in any of the many notices of his career, but it is known to us that a governor of the state on a certain occasion, offered to appoint him to an "unexpired term" in the U. S. Senate. The chances all were that should he accept, his nomination for the regular term would follow. After his usual careful deliberation, he refused the proffered honor.

To the very end he continued a determined student of the law, for which, as we have said, he cherished unbounded reverence, and, as the years of persistent study went by, he gathered about him a professional library unrivalled in its completeness by any private collection in the South.

But it need scarcely be said that a man of his keen intellectual interests, ever eager to learn, did not confine his reading to the law or quasi-legal literature. From early days and "nights devoid of ease," when struggling to "get an education" in the Texas wilds, he had been an untiring student of history, and, as opportunity came with affluence, he read widely in belles-lettres, sociology and especially in educational literature. A very real love of art in its manifold phases he had inherited from his mother and, as he achieved fortune, he became a liberal patron of brush and chisel. His favorite recreation, indeed, when he felt that he must put by for a brief space his incessant application to work, was to run across the seas and feast his eager eyes on the immortal master-pieces in the great galleries of the Continent.

Like most "well-rounded" men of real native vigor of mind, as distinct from mere acquirement, he had in abundant measure the saving sense of humor, and some of his stories regarding prominent "characters" in the political and legal life of antebellum Tennessee, which he had heard from the lips of Judge Guild (himself a "character") and from others, rivalled in racy drollery Baldwin's "Flush Times of Alabama."

But conscientious as he was in the scrupulous performance of the multiform duties that devolved upon him in ever increasing volume during the final decade of his career, it may be fairly said that in the last five years of his life his chief interest centered in the establishment at Nashville of the "George Peabody College for Teachers" and in the successful organization of that great educational benefaction. He was Chairman of the Executive Committee of its first Board of Trustees, and upon that Committee necessarily fell almost the entire burden of launching and shaping the great undertaking so fraught with momentous educational possibilities not only for Tennessee, but for the whole Southern country, nay, in Bradford's bold vision, for every section of our common country. The story of the personal sacrifices that he made in its behalf—of his untiring efforts to secure the munificent endowment which his practical business sagacity deemed absolutely necessary for the full fruition of the beneficent purpose—his wise counsel (when success had crowned these efforts) in organization, in drafting legislation and in the drawing up of plans not merely for the present, but for a glorious future expansion which his "prophetic soul" assured him was inevitable—all this has been sympathetically told in graphic fashion by the present accomplished head of the institution (Dr. Bruce R. Payne, formerly of the University of Virginia), and forms one of the most inspiring chapters in the history of American education.

He literally "died in harness," working for the upbuilding on a rock-ribbed foundation of this noble institution, which appealed in an especial manner to a man, who believed as he did that education is the basis of good citizenship and who never forgot the almost insuperable difficulties that in boyhood's days beset him in his eager quest for knowledge.

Three years ago he was stricken with paralysis, which deprived him of power of speech, but mercifully left the keenness of his intellect undimmed and spared him the use of his hands, so that he could easily communicate with those about him.

A man of strong convictions and utterly fearless in expressing those convictions, whenever occasion demanded, his was yet the "open mind," and his tolerance of opinions that he did not and could not share, was one of the sources of his commanding influence in troublous times. Notably during a famous trial but a few years ago, which convulsed his commonwealth, he walked warily with the cool, imperturbable courage of a thoroughly brave man, counselling moderation to both inflamed factions and impressing upon his fellow-citizens that the tiniest spark of hot indiscretion on the part of "men of light and leading" (to employ Disraeli's famous phrase) might kindle a disastrous conflagration which would inevitably bring disgrace upon the commonwealth that he loved with all the passion of his mighty heart.

To young lawyers just called to the bar, he was notably generous and considerate when they came to him for advice. In the most strenuous days of his varied activities, no matter how overwhelmed with imperious tasks, he would in the most gracious manner push aside his own work, and listen patiently to their perplexities as to the conduct of some "knotty case," and then give them freely of the riches of his learning and experience.

This largess of counsel and of encouragement beyond price, continued to the very end. Long after he was bereft of powers of speech, they would come to his office to consult him, assured beforehand of the kindly welcome that awaited them. To many of these, it must long remain a pathetic remembrance, touched with a nameless tragic nobility, of how, as they gathered about the chair where he sat, serene and resolute, "pad" in hand, he would advise them as to what seemed to him the wisest course to pursue, and then, touching with gentle stoicism upon the fact that his own course had been run, seek to impress upon them that they must ever bear in mind, in fair weather and foul, that they had assumed weighty re-

sponsibilities in enrolling themselves as members of a noble profession and that the unwritten obligation was paramount and binding on them to see to it that, so far as in them lay, the highest and best traditions of their calling should be kept untarnished and inviolate—that, no matter how turbulent the passions of political faction, they, at least, must keep their heads, and consciences as well, and hold fast to the pithy dictum of the elder Pitt in Wilkes' case that "where law ends, there tyranny begins."

In the contemplation of such an heroic episode, insensibly there arises before the inner eye, despite the intervening centuries and the difference of environment and place, that scene, portrayed by the immortal pencil of Plato in his "Dialogues," of Socrates sitting in his rude prison cell, awaiting the fateful return of the sacred bark from Delos, "cheerful and not repining at the prospect of death," holding high converse with Crito and Phaedo and other of the "beloved disciples" touching reverence for the law and inexorable obedience to its call.

In his own home, the very citadel of his highest aspirations and affections, he was one of the most charming and genial of men and under the roof-tree of beautiful "Woodstock" on the "Franklin Road" dispensed a lavish, yet refined, hospitality that recalled the "brave days" of what we term in this generation the Old South. He was wont in the close intimacy of talk with old friends to declare that he owed whatever he had achieved in life to two women—his mother, Susannah Bisland, of an old Mississippi family, a woman of strong sense and lovely character, who had kindled and nourished his youthful ambitions; and, later on, his wife, also sprung of an historic family, whose varied accomplishments and nobility of spirit fitted her in special degree to be the wise counsellor and faithful helpmeet of such a kindred soul.

We have said that he "literally died in harness," and there is no scintilla of exaggeration in the phrase. On Wednesday, May 15th., he had attended a meeting of the "Executive Committee" of the Trustees of the College, which now was uppermost in his earthly thoughts. Long since he had made his

peace with God and impending death was impotent to dim the serenity of his clear courage.

Scarcely had the members of the Committee assembled, when he complained of illness—grew rapidly worse and was borne to his home. Mercifully he was spared what he most dreaded—the lingering death in life. He sank rapidly—there were for a few hours signs of fluttering life—but just past midnight came the final, long-drawn sigh and the dauntless spirit had crossed the Bar to meet his Pilot face to face.

So passed away this devoted husband and father—this loyal friend—this incorruptible citizen, this great jurist, whose name shall find high place among the foremost "Worthies" that adorn the annals of the great commonwealth he served with such conspicuous devotion.

He has gone, but long, long, shall the light of such a life lie upon the path which many a youth of kindred spirit must tread, heartening him by its steadfast glow to "outfrown false fortune's frown" and through unaided effort win his way at last to the beckoning and shining goal.

Another busy life was that of Thomas M. Logan, touching whose career there were not a few notices both in the metropolitan and Southern press when he passed away. But these notices dwelt almost exclusively upon his career as lawyer, politician, and capitalist, and made but scant mention of his glorious record as a soldier.

It is just this neglected phase of his life that his surviving comrades, the lingering few who wore with honor their country's gray, deem worthy of special mention here, for it is a chapter almost entirely unknown to this generation, and, indeed, such was the reticence of his innate modesty, it was but little known to many who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. Yet is it safe to say that long after the multiform activities in which he bore a prominent part shall have sunk into oblivion, his name will live in the official records of the great events in which he shared from 1861 to 1865.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, of ancient Scottish strain, he was destined to illustrate on many a stricken field during those four eventful years the same "*perfervidum jecur*

Scotorum" that animates to-day his far-off kinsmen of that dauntless race on the banks of the Aisne.

Graduated from South Carolina College but a few months before, he at once on the secession of his native state (Dec. 20th, 1860) enlisted as a private soldier in the historic "Washington Light Infantry," the crack corps of Charleston's *jeunesse dorée*, and met his "first baptism of fire" in the bombardment of Fort Sumter, which ushered in the fateful conflict between the two sections.

Almost immediately, thereafter, coming on to Virginia as a lieutenant in the famous "Hampton's Legion," he had the good fortune to win the commendation of his immediate superiors by his marked gallantry on the field of "First Manassas," and, thenceforward, shared in becoming fashion in all the triumphs and vicissitudes of that glorious army to which he belonged—winning promotion, grade by grade in each successive campaign, by "sheer skill and valor" (to employ Longstreet's exact phrase in making official mention of him, later on, in his Report of the "Knoxville Campaign").

Early in 1862, he obtained his captaincy, and fell wounded at the head of his company in storming the heights at "Gaines' Mill" in front of this city. But, though his hurt was grievous, the spirit incased in his frail body was indomitable, and we find him soon back on the firing line, leading his company with headlong dash at "Second Manassas." Of his conduct on that fiercely contested field, his commanding officer, General M. W. Gary, in his official report says: "Captain T. M. Logan by his brilliant fighting won the admiration of everybody." Little over six weeks after, at Sharpsburg (which General E. P. Alexander terms "the boldest and bloodiest battle ever fought upon this continent"), General Gary again mentions him officially as "bearing himself with great bravery," and the single star (marking his majority) replaced upon his faded collar the three bars of a captain.

Another star was added in the campaign of '63 when he became Lieutenant-Colonel, and (his regiment having been transferred to Jenkins' South Carolina brigade) took part in the "Knoxville Campaign" under Longstreet in the autumn of

that year. During this campaign he won Longstreet's emphatic praise for his skill and daring in handling the sharpshooters of Hood's Division, commanded at that time by Jenkins, as Hood's desperate wounds received at Gettysburg had not yet healed. Especially did he distinguish himself in the fierce action fought by Longstreet near Lenoir Station, Tennessee, Nov. 15th, 1863, when he led the advance with his skirmishers. His division commander, the brilliant Micah Jenkins, who was destined within six months to fall at the "Wilderness," says in his official report: "the gallantry and dash of our skirmishers this day under Lieutenant-Colonel Logan and Lieutenant-Colonel Wylie, 5th S. C. Volunteers, has never been surpassed."

Then, back to Virginia with Longstreet, he took part in that gigantic campaign from the "Wilderness" to Petersburg, during which the guns never ceased "going" night or day for eleven months. On May 4th, 1864, the campaign opened by Grant's crossing the Rapidan, and on May 19th the third star was added to Logan's collar, and he became full Colonel and commanding officer of the "Legion," in which but three years before he had come to Virginia as a simple subaltern.

The regiment was now mounted, and assigned the Cavalry Corps.

Everywhere, everywhere, the dashing young trooper was to the fore, riding in the van of his trampling squadrons, but again he fell desperately wounded in the stubborn action of June 13th at "Riddle's Shop," when Grant forced the passage of the Lower Chickahominy.

The moment his wound had sufficiently healed, he was back at the front, and in December 1864 won the coveted "wreath encircling the three stars," and was commissioned Brigadier-General of Cavalry, enjoying the unique distinction of being the youngest Brigadier in any of the armies of the Confederate States.

In the operations below this city, north of the James, during the winter of '64 and the first two months of the brief and tragic campaign of '65, we find constant mention of him in the reports of his division and corps commanders, and, finally, as fitting close to his military career—his brigade, meanwhile, having

been transferred in March with a portion of Hampton's Cavalry Corps to North Carolina, to try to stem Sherman's ruthless advance northwards—on the brilliant field of Bentonville, March 21st, 1865, under the eye of that wary Southern Hannibal, "Joe" Johnston, he led the gaunt remnant of Butler's old brigade, that had so often followed Stuart's guidon to victory on Virginia fields, in the last charge of the last fight on the soil of the "Old North State"—little more than a fortnight before the final fall of the curtain at Appomattox on the mighty drama that for four years had convulsed the nation.

In very truth a glorious record, yet we venture the assertion that no man ever heard him make any but the most casual allusion to his army life—never of his own services. In fact, his outward seeming was so frail and delicate, that one was not likely to associate the quiet modest gentleman with deeds of desperate valor, and it may well be doubted whether nine-tenths of his associates in later life ever thought of his having been in the army at all, apart from a certain vague general notion that "every gentleman 'went in' at the time."

Though proud in his modest way of being a "Carolinian," he, like that brilliant artilleryist, David Gregg McIntosh, and other stubborn fighters of the "Palmetto State," had "lost his heart" in the "Old Dominion," and here, soon after the close of hostilities, he married, and settled down to the practice of law in this city. That a man had "back of him" a fine "army record" counted for much then, and it is needless to say that Virginia did not welcome him merely as a foster-son, but took him to herself as her very own. This affection he repaid to the full, and in everything that concerned city or state took a deep and active interest.

To the end, he retained his citizenship and a country-place in Virginia, where he always spent his summers.

Of his civic, political and industrial activities here, and of his career, later on, in New York in railway enterprises, it is not our purpose to speak. As mentioned before, the story of that side of his life has been told in detail elsewhere. We have simply sought to perpetuate, so far as may be allowed us ("lest we forget," "lest we forget"), a phase of his varied career that

has been neglected and is well-nigh unknown even in our own midst.

But this much may be properly set down here—that in his strenuous enterprises as “capitalist,” “railroad magnate” and “promoter,” he displayed the same cool courage that had distinguished him in battle, and, though many vicissitudes and disappointments fell to his lot, his old comrades, proud as they are of his brilliant war-record, are even prouder still of the fact, which no man may gainsay, that in all the fierce rivalries and acrimonious struggles of warring factions in which he was, of necessity, involved, no breath of ignoble scandal ever dimmed his name, and no opponent ever impugned his rigid integrity, his nice sense of personal honor, and his strict observance of the “Golden Rule.”

In personal intercourse, he was one of the most lovable of men, and his happy domestic life gave beautiful and consistent proof of the truth of the poet’s dictum that “the bravest are the tenderest.”

So, to the end, “keeping his honour from corruption,” as King Hal’s dying queen hath it,

To add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

These last noble words from Shakespeare could, in very truth, be fitly applied to our revered friend, William Frederick Gray, of whom we may well hesitate to speak in this presence, where there are so many knit to him by ties of blood and marriage and by bonds of long years of intimate friendship. To those, indeed, who knew him best, and so loved him most, any portraiture, even though drawn by a master hand, must seem at best but a blurred semblance of this kindly, courtly “gentleman of the old school,” whose face and figure, so long familiar on our streets, seemed ever a gracious link between Virginia’s “golden age” and this bustling era of perpetual unrest and empirical reform.

He was not only the oldest member of this Society, but the oldest citizen in our community. What changes he had seen! He had grown up as a boy in the Richmond of a bye-gone time.

the quiet, kindly, yet dignified, little capital with its nameless social charm and note of distinction. He had seen her in her heroic mood, when she was not only the capital of Virginia, but of twelve other sovereign commonwealths, whose liberties were at stake, and had thrilled at her proud and lofty port when she stood at bay, girdled with hostile steel and fire—he had witnessed her fall, overwhelmed in throes of exhaustion by cruel odds—he had shared with her people the horrors of what with fine irony was termed “Reconstruction,” and had borne no mean part in rescuing her from the humiliations sought to be imposed upon her, and in starting her on that rough path of industrial rehabilitation, which in time became a shining way leading to undreamed-of material prosperity.

Optimist as he ever was, hard-headed man of business ever unobtrusively alert and active in promoting every movement looking to the economic or moral advancement of the city, the glamor of the “old order” never lost its spell, and, when he could be won to talk of the town and of the men and women of what we call the “old *régime*,” his reminiscences, touched with a shrewd, kindly humor, were as delightful as some chapter out of “worthy Master Pepys” or of John Evelyn.

As a boy, he had talked to John Marshall “the Great Chief Justice,” whose home was here, and, under his father’s roof-tree, had listened to the brilliant talk of Edgar A. Poe, at that time editor of the “Southern Literary Messenger.” So vividly did they live once more in his own easy “*Memorabilia*”—so near did they seem—that unconsciously there would often come into one’s mind in listening to him Browning’s haunting quatrain of incredulous wonder:

Ah! did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

Last summer at the “White Sulphur Springs,” where he celebrated the sixty-fourth anniversary of his marriage, he told the young folks gathered about his chair, who knew luxurious “Pullman Cars” as the only vehicles of travel, how, as a young man of twenty, he had first made the journey to that fashion-

able resort, riding thither on horseback all the way from Richmond.

This is scarcely the presence in which to dwell upon the beauty of his domestic life, but perhaps it may be allowed us, though eyes grow misty at the tender remembrance, to venture a passing allusion to the "sweet observances" with which this "lover" of fourscore and over ever "encompassed" the inseparable companion of his life's long pilgrimage, to whom he had plighted troth more than sixty years ago, and who, though they both had "troops of friends," and all "that should accompany old age," found, even as he did, her highest happiness "in the small circle of a wedding-ring."

He was beloved of all children—sure sign of his own lovable disposition—was "adored" by his numerous nephews and nieces, and loved the society of young people, and when the end came, just as he was rounding out his ninety-second year, six of these stalwart nephews tenderly bore him to his last resting place in beautiful "Hollywood."

He was a man of quick and ready sympathies, and it is scarce an exaggeration to say that since he grew to manhood there was no single day of his long and honorable life that was not enriched by some silent benefaction to others. The cheap shibboleths of "service" and "moral uplift" that are ever on the lips of the electroplated "reformer" of to-day, found no place in his vocabulary. He was "old-fashioned" in all his notions as to the proper conduct of life and nothing could have been more distasteful to a man of his quiet, unostentatious temperament than any blazoning in the public prints of his large-hearted generousities to those distressed in mind, body, or estate.

He was reckoned in business a man of great prudence and sagacity—was engaged, as was his father before him, in the exportation of tobacco, and both of them for many years were the representatives of the French Government on the "Richmond Tobacco Exchange." For many years too, he was a member of the Standing Committee of the "Mutual Assurance Society of Virginia."

A man of deep and fervid piety—but always what we call "a cheerful Christian"—his activities in the ancient communion

to which he belonged were unceasing. Of these we shall not speak here, for they have been set down elsewhere by those who were his coadjutors in the work of Christ's kingdom on earth. To say of a man that he was for thirty-five years Treasurer, and for more than fifty-three years Vestryman, of the same church, tells the whole story of his zeal and devotion in the cause of the Master. The eulogy of man stands abashed and dumb in the presence of the simple statement, and, ashamed in spirit, we feel that only that Master Himself is fit to utter the plaudit of "well done" to this faithful servant, as he rests from his labors and enters in to the joys vouchsafed of his Lord.

"*Plenus annis abiit, plenus honoribus,*" and so, mourned not only by loving family and loyal friends, but by countless humbler recipients of his silent benefactions, he gently passed away on August 9th, 1914, leaving behind him, as Wordsworth sang long ago of a kindred soul,

that best portion of a good man's life—
His little nameless unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Only a sketch, *en silhouette*, can we give of another devoted friend of this Society, Richard S. Thomas of Smithfield, whose most salient characteristic, if we may so term it, was his devotion to Virginia. With perfect truth might be said of him what was said here just five years ago of our former President, Joseph Bryan, whose dear memory only gathers added fragrance as the years roll by: "His devotion to his mother-state was no abstract sentiment, but the passionate loyalty that a Hie'lander of the eighteenth century felt for the chief of his clan." It cropped out constantly in his idlest talk and colored everything that he wrote.

Born March 15th, 1837, at his maternal ancestral home of "Four Square" in the county of Isle of Wight, educated at the University of Virginia, where he had as classmates the late Professor Thomas R. Price, Captain Hampden Chamberlayne, Colonel Archer Anderson and other brilliant young Virginians of the time, he settled down on graduation in 1858 to the practice of law.

He was one of the best types of what used to be generally called the "country lawyer"—kindly, acute, ready of resource, and, above all, "always knew his jury."

In addition, he was a good "business man," and by shrewd investment of his patrimony and of the growing receipts of a fine law practice, soon achieved a comfortable fortune.

He and his accomplished wife as well were "fond of company," delighted to keep open house and to see gathered about their hospitable board kinsmen and friends. His wife was his inseparable companion wherever he went, and, as there were no children, they became great travelers both in Europe and in the East, as he gradually gave up the active practice of his profession in Smithfield and in the surrounding counties.

He was a staunch "Churchman," neither "High" nor "Low," but of a "Churchmanship" as sound as his old Madeira (which to some of us, at least, exhausted comparison). Be it understood that he himself was the most temperate of men—he loved "good fellowship," but loathed excess, and, being an "old-fashioned Christain," he no more believed that a gentleman would necessarily be damned for offering another gentleman a glass of wine at his board, than did St. Paul when he gave that cheering prescription to Timothy in his famous "First Epistle."

He was active in all church work, was "Historiographer of the Southern Diocese of Virginia," and his was a familiar figure, as regular "lay delegate," at the annual "Councils" of his communion.

Steeped in Colonial lore, a first-hand student of Virginia records, he was an enthusiastic member of this Society, and published several valuable monographs, which brought him no small reputation among scholars. Of these, the most noteworthy are: "The Religious Element in the Settlement of Jamestown in 1607" (1898); "The Loyalty of the Clergy of the Church of England in Virginia to the Colony in 1776 and Their Conduct" (1907); and "Four Square and Fox Hunting" (1905), in the last of which (prepared originally for the annual "meet" of the hounds at "Four Square" then owned by his eldest brother, who had been "Master of Hounds" in Isle of Wight for over fifty years) he first sketches from county records of

the seventeenth century the early history of the estate, and then, in keeping with the jovial occasion, portrays in humorous fashion the rollicking life of hard-riding Virginia squires of his boyhood. "Dogberry's" dictum in "Much Ado About Nothing," "when the age is in, the wit is out," was conspicuously at fault in his case, for long after he had passed the limit of the Psalmist he was fond of telling, and listening to, a good story, and continued a most entertaining talker.

But his wife's death a few years ago was a grievous blow to him, and he rarely left home after her loss, becoming more and more immersed in his books.

He died in Smithfield on 19th of September last, and we, who knew him long and well, entertain no misgiving that we yield him the tribute that he himself would most have prized when we say simply that he lived and died "a Virginian of Virginians."

Two others there are, both bearing historic names in this commonwealth, both men of high intelligence and of spotless character, yet so depreciatory of their own merits and so unobtrusive in their "daily walk and conversation" that only their intimates appreciated fully their varied accomplishments and their antique standards of the conduct of life.

One, Wilson Miles Cary, son of Wilson Miles Cary and seventh in descent from Miles Cary of Bristol, England, the first immigrant and progenitor of the family in the colony of Virginia, was allied by blood to well-nigh every historic family in the state.

He was born at "Haystack," Baltimore County, Maryland, December 12th, 1838, and died at "Belvoir," Fauquier County, Virginia, the country-seat of his cousin, Fairfax Harrison, esq., August 28th, 1914. Though born in Maryland, he was essentially a Virginian by blood and tradition. There has always been a Wilson Miles Cary in Virginia from the earliest days of the colony—full seventy years, indeed, ere Spotswood and his "Golden Horse-Shoe Knights" rode across "the Ridge" and drank their Royal Master's health on the summit of "Mount George" ("in Virginia red wine, white wine, Irish usquebaugh, brandy, shrub, two kinds of rum, champagne, canary, cherry-

punch and cider")—sometimes, indeed, more than one of that name at the same time—and, happily for the state, that name is still worthily borne in this community.

Briefly, he was educated first at good private schools and then at the University of Virginia, founded by his great-great-grand-uncle, Thomas Jefferson. He proved a good soldier in the armies of Lee and Johnston, and on the conclusion of the war returned to Baltimore, studied law, and was admitted to the bar of that city. He was fairly successful, but it may well be doubted whether a man of his retiring disposition would ever have won substantial success as a forensic advocate. There was a greater difficulty still. He was by temperament and inclination a "bookish" man, who loved study for its own sake and not for any alluring prospect of pecuniary results. The truth is that his heart was not in his work, and "the law," we are told, "is a jealous mistress." Thus it was, that, in no long time, when offered the position of Clerk of the "Baltimore Criminal Court," he gladly accepted. The work was indeed laborious, but he performed it with such scrupulous fidelity and intelligence that, year after year, for many years, he was re-elected to the position. But after "office hours," his time was his own in which to prosecute his studies, which he "specialized" more and more in the direction of early Colonial history and genealogy. At last, he became so absorbed in these "specialized" studies, that he resigned his office and devoted himself exclusively to his chosen field. There was scarce a county court-house in Virginia or Maryland, scarce a library, public or private, that contained Colonial records and manuscripts, in which his slight figure was not a familiar presence. Court officials, in town or country, were glad to be obliging to this pleasant-spoken gentleman, who evidently "knew his business," and whose gracious manners had no touch of that "cock-sureness" suggestive of "Ph. D." and "made in Germany," so often offensively characteristic of the "scientific" fledglings of the "New School."

His name, as the years went by, became widely known to special students of family history as that of a highly-trained expert in Virginia and Maryland genealogies, and it was with

a view to further investigations in this special domain that he went to England and resided there for several years. Happy years they were of persistent, yet congenial, toil, working steadily amid the manuscript treasures of the British Museum and Public Records Office and poring over "Parish Registers" in London and in various parts of the kingdom. In the pauses of his work, his time passed pleasantly enough among new-made friends in London (which has a glamor and charm for many of us that no other city on earth possesses) and in visiting some of his far-away kinsmen (yet none the less his kinsmen) in the country, where he met, we may be sure, welcome far different from the cold reception accorded at first young Harry Warrington—the younger of Thackeray's "Virginians"—when he had crossed the ocean to make acquaintance with his English cousins and to see with his own eager eyes the old "home-nest" in the pleasant Hampshire country, that his grandfather, Colonel Esmond, had so often fondly described to him at the new "Castlewood" in Virginia.

No wonder that "Will" Cary, as his intimates called him, met cordial welcome wherever he went in England, town or country, for he was one of the most agreeable of men in conversation, with a great fund of racy anecdote about the "Worthies" of Colonial days, when the manners and customs of our "Old Dominion" were quite those of the mother-country, and possessed, in addition, the easy, yet dignified, manner and the softly-modulated voice, which English folk regard as indispensable to "good form."

It may be noted here, as yet another instance of hereditary "recurrence of physical type," that he bore a marvellous resemblance both in face and bearing to what contemporaries pronounced the most characteristic portraits of his great kinsman, Jefferson.

He never married, but grew old quite contentedly among his beloved books, "those sweet unrepublishing companions," as Goldsmith fondly calls them, and so, with the grave, sedate step we remember so well, he went his way down the "long path" towards the westering sun, the same simple, kindly, courteous gentleman, his coat untricked, indeed, of any guerdon

of the world's applause, yet, to the end, "through all the tract of years, wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Of the other, Captain Robert Edward Lee, youngest and last surviving son of our great captain, it is difficult to speak at all, lest what we say, and what his intimates know to be but simple truth, should seem to colder eyes but the tender exaggeration of retrospective grief.

Like all ingenuous natures of quick and generous impulses, he was not insensible to the sympathetic commendation of those he loved, but to a man of his ingrained modesty and true humility of spirit nothing could have been more distasteful than indiscriminate eulogy.

Yet one who knew him well from careless college days down to the moment when "God's finger touched him and he slept," and who, during over half a century of closest friendship that was never once dimmed by even a passing cloud, saw him tried by both extremes of fortune and watched with admiration his equable bearing in the trial, cannot choose but set down here what he holds to be severest truth, regardless of how it may sound to those who never felt the spell of his rare personality.

Madame Huber, as some of you remember, wrote through tears of her life-long friend, Lord Dacre, long after he had passed away, "He was so noble, so simple, that each virtue seemed in him an instinct, and so stoical in his views that he considered every noble action as a victory of self-control and never felt himself good enough."

To write thus of her dead friend evidences not only a generous heart but fine insight as well, and one instinctively feels that she has drawn a true and just picture through "the intellect of love"—a truer and juster picture, indeed, than could ever have been portrayed by any pencil less steeped in feeling. Studied detachment and cold analysis numb not only the heart but the hand of the limner, and in all the history of letters there is no portrait thus drawn by even the most cunning painter that has compelled permanent acceptance as being essentially true from thoughtful high-minded men and women. It is not going too far, indeed, to declare that no man is fitted to write the biography of a contemporary unless he loves the man whose life

and character he would portray. No matter how brilliant the touch, no matter how "practiced" the hand, unless there be an underlying spirit of love we feel that the picture is what the painters call "out of drawing."

At any rate, what Madame Huber so finely said of her "noble friend," might, it seems to us, be applied with absolute truth to "Bob" Lee (the "dear little Robertus" of his father's letters), and we might well stop here and leave her words as a most fit and accurate characterization of the man, foregoing any attempts at further portraiture, were it not for the reflection that here in the "Minutes" of this Society, which he loved so long and well, there should be some permanent record of the salient points in his career.

Haply, too, in the coming time, as men study more and more every phase, even the most intimate, of the life of the foremost captain of his age, they shall inquire whether the son whom he loved so dearly and who bore his very name, was, when grown to manhood, worthy of such a sire. Here (though we may not venture beyond the barest outline) they shall, in a measure at least, find the answer to their question, and the simple "Minute" here set down (perhaps the sole memorial of him, apart from his "Life" of his father) shall serve, perchance, to keep alive in the hearts and minds of his far-off descendants the memory of his gentle, yet virile, virtues, the remembrance of which, so vivid to-day among his contemporaries, must otherwise inevitably become in time mere tradition and finally sink into oblivion.

Robert Edward Lee, Jr., youngest son of Captain Robert E. Lee, U. S. A., and of Mary Anne Randolph Custis, was born at "Arlington," Va., Oct. 27th, 1843, and died at "Nordley," Fauquier County, Virginia, October 19th, 1914.

The story of his earliest boyhood, or, at least, so much of it as was spent in constant companionship with his father, is simply and graphically portrayed in his delightful "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee"—his first conscious remembrance of his father, when, after an absence of more than two years, the latter came back to "Arlington" fresh from the glorious fields of Mexico—how awed and a little frightened at the bronzed face and martial figure he was, as, clad in his

very best blouse, with "hair freshly curled in golden ringlets," he stood in the back ground with his little playmate, Armistead Lippitt, while the whole family crowded round the laurelled soldier in the great hall—of his mortification when his father did not know him, but swung aloft and kissed his small companion in his stead, thinking it was his little "Bertus" (a fond abbreviation of his for "Robertus")—his creeping into his father's bed very early in the wintry mornings and snuggling up to him and listening wide-eyed to the wonderful stories that this wonderful father told him—of his merry romps with his father and his black-and-tan terrier, "Spec"—his first riding lessons, under his father's eye, on "Santa Anna," the mustang pony, which had been fetched all the way from far-away Mexico to be his very own and no one else's—his first school-days, a little later on, in Baltimore, where his father took a house while on engineering duty, and the latter's pride in his little school triumphs—the golden days of unalloyed delight, when he was allowed to go down the river for a whole day to Fort Carroll, which his father was then constructing on the Patapsco—the yet more entrancing years at West Point, whither Brevet-Colonel Lee went as Superintendent of the "Military Academy" when "Bertus" was not quite nine—the long rides within "the Reservation" after "office hours," "the Colonel" on "Grace Darling," and the sturdy boy on "Santa Anna," riding "dragoon seat," no "posting," according to his father's careful instruction—his wondering that this father, who "could do everything that was right," would sometimes of a Sunday in the "Post Chapel" "take a little nap during the sermon," as the good "Domine" droned on—his having a room given to him, all to himself, which he was required to keep very neat and orderly, just as the cadets had to do in barracks—his learning to skate and to swim, always under his father's supervision—his going to a day-school at the post and his father's sitting by his side at night as he prepared to-morrow's tasks, helping him in his Latin and in "working out" those dreadful "sums"—not helping him outright, but patiently suggesting the successive steps until it was all as plain as day, and then the little fellow kissed the kind father and scurried off to bed.

With what lovable distinctness the two figures shine out in the artless narrative!

But separation came in 1855, when his father was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the newly organized "Second Cavalry" (which had Albert Sidney Johnston as its colonel, while Hardee and George H. Thomas were its two majors) and received orders to repair at once to Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, there to drill and discipline the newly enlisted troopers preparatory to their being sent to the Texas frontier. Then there was a general break-up. His eldest brother, Custis, who had graduated first in his class the year before at "the Academy," had gone his way to Florida, where he was serving as Assistant Engineer in the construction of Fort Clinch on Amelia Island, and now the rest of the family went back to "Arlington," whence "Robertus," then twelve years old, was sent away to boarding-school at Mr. Ambler's in Fauquier.

Though Colonel Lee came back to "Arlington" from Texas twice before the fateful year of '61—once in the autumn of 1857, when Mrs. Lee's father, George Washington Parke Custis, died, of whose great estate Colonel Lee was made executor, and again in the autumn of 1859, when he returned to finish up his executorial trusts (during which time, acting under orders from the commander-in-chief, he utterly and swiftly crushed the infamous "John Brown Raid")—the son saw little of his father, and then only during the school holidays.

But during all the long interval after leaving West Point, no matter where the father might be—Jefferson Barracks—the Texas border—or at "Arlington," the dearest spot on earth to every member of the family—wise and loving letters came from him to his boy, who was working hard at his books amid the quiet Fauquier hills.

At Mr. Ambler's excellent private school he remained until he matriculated at the University of Virginia in the autumn of 1860.

In recalling the years of early boyhood spent at "Arlington" and elsewhere, he writes: "Though my father was so joyous and familiar with us children, he was very firm on all occasions. I always knew that it was impossible to disobey him. I felt

it in me, I never thought why, but was perfectly sure that when he gave an order, it had to be obeyed. My mother I could sometimes circumvent and at times took liberties with her orders, construing them to suit myself; but exact obedience to every mandate of my father was a part of my life and being."

The time was now hard at hand when this feeling of unquestioning obedience was to be put to the severest of tests, and here personal remembrance enables us to recount in detail a crucial episode, which (through modesty, no doubt) is barely outlined in his "Recollections."

He makes no mention, indeed, in his book of the fact that the very day on which the Virginia Convention passed the "Ordinance of Secession" (April 17th, 1861), the two "student companies," that had been organized at the University of Virginia in the autumn of 1860, strong in numbers, well drilled and disciplined (most of the officers being former graduates of the "Virginia Military Institute"), volunteered to go to "the front," were accepted, and entrained the same night with several companies from Lexington, Charlottesville and elsewhere, which had received telegraphic orders to move at once on Harper's Ferry and seize the United States arsenal at that place, which was stored with small-arms and munitions of war sadly needed by our volunteers.

The troops were transported by rail to Strasburg, via Manassas Junction, and marched thence next day down the "Valley Pike" to Winchester, where they entrained again next morning for Harper's Ferry.

Young Lee was a non-commissioned officer in one of the University companies ("The Southern Guard") and, of course, went with his command. Who of us that made that long forced march with him from Strasburg to Winchester can ever forget how this rollicking lad was the life of our company as we trudged our weary way—"route-step"—down the never-ending pike, until in the gloamin' our eyes were at last gladdened by the friendly lights of Winchester twinkling in the distance.

What a splendidly handsome youngster he was then! Some of us can shut our eyes and see again the fine poise of his head—the close-cropped curly brown hair—the well-knit figure

instinct with vigor—the graceful port and carriage, so like that of his father—the luminous dark hazel eyes, perhaps an inheritance from his great-great grand-mother, Martha Custis, who, we are told, with the play of just such eyes brought the sedate Colonel George Washington to her feet—the mobile mouth—while “to see him smile was like hearing good news.”

After seizing the arsenal and extinguishing the flames, for it has been fired by the retreating Federals and much harm done to the stored munitions, the troops went to into barracks, but in little more than a week (at whose instance we never knew) the “student companies” were ordered by the Governor to “return to the University and resume their studies.” “Resume their studies,” indeed! “Studies” were then and long thereafter to most of us of about the same interest as Babylonish cuneiform inscriptions were to our sweethearts who at that time were “raving over” Owen Meredith’s “Lucile” and Mrs. Henry Wood’s “East Lynne.”

Not a few, indeed, of the young volunteers (“to name names” were invidious!) who had rashly “offered for graduation” on “big tickets,” were by no means averse to “seeking” even “at the cannon’s mouth” that “reputation” that seemed likely to be denied them in the severe ordeal of the “Schools.” So after a few days spent on their return to college in paying bills and in “packing,” nearly the whole student body (over five hundred out of a total of six hundred and twenty-five) coolly made their adieux to their professors, who, at first, simulated a stern air of reprobation, and then, with moistened eyes and a hearty “God bless you,” warmly pressed the hands of the lads who sped away to enlist at once as private soldiers in various military organizations throughout the state—many of them destined to win, within the compass of few years, high rank and reputation—more (alas!) to meet the death counted “sweet and honorable.”

Young Lee was, of course, “wild to go” (his own expression), but his father in some way (unaccountable save for the well-known fact that in large families fathers not seldom forget the ages of their children, while mothers never do) had got into his head that “Bertus” was not yet seventeen, whereas he was

seventeen and a half, and gently but firmly refused his consent to his enlisting in the army. General Lee writing to his wife at this time says: "I wrote to Robert that I could not consent to take boys from their schools and young men from their colleges and put them in the ranks at the beginning of a war where they are not wanted and where there were men enough for that purpose. *The war may last ten years.*" The last sentence is significant as having been written at a time when the politicians—indeed, the great majority of people, North and South—were loudly prophesying that "the war would be over in ninety days."

So Robert yielded unquestioning obedience and dutifully went back to his books in the autumn.

How hard a thing it was for an ardent youth of his blood and breed to do, few of this generation can fully realize.

But he had his reward. His father having been set right as to his age by the mother, gave his consent (at the very beginning of '62) to his volunteering, and, busy as the great leader himself was at the time in organizing the army, he personally selected for him his modest kit, while the son had "missed" almost nothing—the brilliant, but bloodless, "affair" at "Bethel," and the "First Battle of Manassas" being the only two general actions delivered on Virginia soil up to that time.

Permission having been given, he hastened in February '62 to enlist in the famous "Rockbridge Artillery" under Captain (afterwards Colonel) Poague, and as a private in that battery took part in Jackson's immortal "Valley Campaign," held by European military critics to rival in brilliant strategy Napoleon's Italian Campaign of 1796—was with it through the "Seven Days' Battles" in front of Richmond—"in the thick of it" at "Cedar Mountain"—at "Second Manassas," and notably at "Sharpsburg" (Antietam), where his father failed to recognize in the blackened cannoneer, grimy with the dust and sweat of battle, who spoke to him on the field, his own "little Benjamin."

If you would know how good and brave a soldier he was in the ranks and how blithely he shared with fellow privates the rough delights, the toils, the dangers, of field of battle and

march and bivouac, you must go to the graphic pages of an equally rollicking comrade of his, that gallant soldier, Captain Edward A. Moore of Lexington, whose stirring "Story of a Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson" is a veritable "human document," rivalling in quiet humor and vivid description the lively "Adventures of Captain Jack Kincaid of the Rifle Brigade" in Wellington's immortal "Peninsular Campaign."

It may be noted here as indicative of the spirit of antique patriotism that animated the whole Southern people during those four heroic years that the fact that a son should be serving as a private soldier in an army of which his own father was the commanding general, excited no sort of surprise. "Neither my mother," he writes, "my family, my friends nor myself expected any other course, and I do not suppose it ever occurred to my father to think of giving me an office, which he could easily have done. I know it never occurred to me."

Six weeks after "Sharpsburg," he was appointed (Oct. 30, 1862) aide-de-camp (with the regular rank of first-lieutenant, "courtesy rank" of captain) on the staff of his brother, General W. H. F. Lee (known as "Rooney" in the army, as in his family) and served in that capacity to the very end.

We do not propose to enter into any details of his career as a staff-officer. It will be found set down in the official reports. Suffice it to say here that he bore himself in all the great actions of the Cavalry Corps with the intelligence and daring becoming one of his "valiant strain."

Then came "Appomattox" and the tragic days that followed, when he was again to be tried as by fire amid the horrors of "Reconstruction," and was again to prove all gold.

Of his life during that period and, indeed, for the following years up to his death, only the salient points may be set down here, for it was in no wise different from that of thousands of his comrades—the same sharp struggle at first to make even a bare living—the same stern self-denial—the same dogged grit—then, the gradual trend upwards to moderate success—the relaxation of the grip of narrow economies—then comfort—finally, a modest competence, that enabled one to "live like a gentleman" once more.

Within six weeks after "the Surrender" at Appomattox C. H., he and his brother "Rooney" and his first-cousin, Major John Lee, of "Fitz" Lee's staff, "knocked up" a shanty on the ruins of the historic "White House" on the Pamunkey ("Rooney's" estate bequeathed him by his grand-father, George Washington Parke Custis) and with their old war chargers as teams, themselves working in the field as laborers under the torrid sun, "put in" a corn crop, managed to buy a few hogs and began to "raise chickens," for "bread and meat" was, in soberest truth, "a burning question" to these aristocratic "fiel' hands."

Thirty years after, in reminiscent mood, he said, not without a touch of pride, "I have been a farmer from that day to this, but I will say that the crop of corn we planted that summer was the best I ever made."

At the beginning of the next year, he took possession of his own estate of "Romancoke", which had belonged to his great-great-grand-mother, Martha Washington, who had devised it to her grandson, G. W. P. Custis, his maternal grand-father, who, in turn, had entailed it on him.

"Romancoke" had been considered in the old days merely a dependency of the "White House," and had on it only an "overseer's house" and such farm buildings as were absolutely necessary on so large an estate.

But, at any rate, the broad acres were there and promised at least "a living," should he prove to be "a good farmer," as turned out to be the case.

By a happy oversight of "our friends, the enemy," these few houses had not been burned, nor the plantation laid waste, as had been the estates of his brothers, the other two devisees under the will of Washington's adoptive son—the "White House," where Colonel Washington wooed and won the fair "Widow Custis," which had been pillaged and burnt to the ground, and stately "Arlington," which had gone to the eldest brother, General Custis Lee, and which (after being ruthlessly "looted" of its family heir-looms, including the "Washington relics," its colonial furniture, its paintings and books, even down to the Custis family-bible") had been "confiscated"

by a government of which, in the long forgotten past, George Washington had been, for a few years, Chief Magistrate!

To "Romancoke" he went, then, in 1866, and remained there as a simple farmer until the end, with the exception of the five or six years in the '90's, when he let the plantation, no doubt oppressed by the loneliness of his bachelor-like life, and accepted attractive proposals to "go into business"—first in Lexington and later on in Washington.

Yet, meanwhile, his life had been far from unhappy. In the slang of this garish day, he had "made good"—in 1870, with his father's help and in accordance with his father's "plans," he had built a modest, but most comfortable, "living house" on the place, and in 1871 had married Charlotte Haxall, daughter of Barton Haxall, esq., of this city—one of the most brilliant and lovable young women in the Richmond society of that time—who died within a year, leaving behind her to those who still hold her in their hearts the fragrant memory of her girlish loveliness, her sweet ingenuousness, her happy gift of repartee that never left a wound, her high and generous spirit, her gracious dignity, and, underlying all, her unfailing kindness of heart so swift to succor those in need, either with material help or with the sympathy of "true womanliness."

In 1875 he went to Europe with his sister, Mildred, and remained there for over a year—naturally, from his lineage, preferring England beyond all other places on earth, next to "his own country, Virginia," as his grand-father, "Light Horse Harry," lovingly called our "Old Dominion." His mere name—"Robert E. Lee"—was a passport to the hearts and homes of Englishmen of the "upper class," and invitations poured in from town and country as soon as it became known that the son of the great Confederate chieftain was in London. The news of his arrival came, you may be sure, not from him, for he was one of the most unobtrusive of men, but from some of his old comrades in the "Army of Northern Virginia"—gallant young English officers, who during our struggle for independence had obtained "leave" for a year or more and crossed the seas to serve under Jackson or ride hard by the bridle-rein of "Jeb" Stuart.

Englishwomen were charmed with his old-world courtesy and deference of manner to them, which had almost become mere tradition in so many "smart" drawing-rooms, while country-gentlemen, who had inherited a vague notion that Virginians were their nearest of kin over seas, were delightedly confirmed in their hazy belief by the "straight riding" of young Captain Lee who with cool judgement and quiet pluck took the stiffest of fences with the best of them.

Having remained a widower for more than twenty years, he married (March 18th, 1894, while still a member of the real-estate firm of Dulany, Fleming and Lee, in Washington,) his cousin, Juliet, daughter of Col. Thomas Hill Carter (glorious "old Tom," who rose from simple captain to be "Chief of Artillery" of the Second Corps, A. N. V.), whose father was a "first-cousin one remove" of General Robert E. Lee.

Though he had prospered in business beyond his expectations, his heart was never in it—was, in fact, persistently in Virginia, as was the heart of his wife, and, in a year or two, they obeyed "the call of the land" and returned to "Romanceoke."

There are certain relations too sacred to be more than touched upon in public utterance (especially in this instance on the part of one so long honored by the confidence and friendship of these two congenial souls), but, perhaps, it may be allowed us to say without impertinence that theirs through all the storm and sunshine of twenty perfect years was an ideally happy life—having the same tastes—inheriting the same traditions (than which none on earth were nobler)—blessed with adored and adoring children—sanctified by high aims achieved in complete unison of spirit.

The days of suffering were yet far away in the future and their happiness was complete in their modest country home. Martial as he was by inherited instinct, coming of a race of soldiers, his tastes, like those of his great father, were intensely domestic. No blare of trumpet or stirring martial strain ever moved him so deeply as did the simple fireside music of a tender voice and the pattering of little feet.

They were both fond of horses and dogs and of out-door life, but they were equally devoted to music and books and flowers. As we have seen, he had now a comfortable house in which to

entertain guests and neither he nor his wife needed any Epistle to Timothy or Titus touching the practice of hospitality. The boundless hospitality of the Lees and of the Carters had, indeed, been famous from colonial days even in hospitable Virginia. In his first years at "Romance," when he had only the narrow and uncomfortable quarters of the "overseer's house," a gallant comrade of his, broken in health and fortune, came to spend two days with him and stayed on two years! Lee seemed to see nothing strange in it. His wife used to laugh and say that, from the Carter point of view, the visit was, in fact, a brief one, for that a far-away spinster cousin of hers once came to "Pampatike" (her father's place) for a fortnight and stayed on thirty years, finding her last resting place in the family burying-ground. The constant stream of kinsmen and kinswomen, of old friends and neighbors, seemed to make not the slightest difference in their way of living, for she was a famous house-wife (as had been her charming mother before her) and even Brillat-Savarin might have been proud to have incorporated some of her toothsome recipes in his "*Physiologie du Goût*."

It was during this happy time that they both found keen enjoyment, (for she was not only his amanuensis in great measure, but his wise counsellor throughout this "labor of love") in preparing for publication his "Life and Recollections of General Robert E. Lee," one of the most charming biographies in all English letters. As a life of Lee, the Man, it is definitive and can never be superseded, or, indeed, be rivalled. The truth of Buffon's dictum, "*Le style est l'homme même*," is abundantly illustrated on every page of this delightful volume.

As the author himself was simple and direct and veracious, in such manner has he told the story of that great and flawless life.

No one could have been as much surprised as he was at its great and instant success at home and abroad, but, despite his wondering modesty, he was none the less pleased. Its very artlessness and simplicity compelled, indeed, the admiration of critics whose finer literary tastes had so often been repelled by biographies in which the author unnecessarily obtrudes, if, indeed, he does not exploit, his own personality.

We have said, and said truly, that his life was uneventful, so far as the outside world was concerned. But it must be remembered that it had hardly been so, had he himself otherwise chosen. Had he elected to enter public life, as his friends so often urged him to do, there can be little doubt that with his great name, his powerful family connection, his quick intelligence and solid judgement (a salient characteristic of the Lees), he would have "travelled far." In addition, he was immensely popular with all sorts and conditions of men, with never a touch of condescension in his manner to even the humblest laborer. He was what in modern slang is called "a good mixer" with "plain folk"—an aristocrat, indeed, by birth, but democratic in sympathies, feeling in very truth (and in a sense not meant by "Beatrice" in her saucy quip in "Much Ado") that all "Adam's sons were his brethren."

The trouble was that, like Lord Dacre, "he never felt himself good enough."

But he would have none of it, when in the '70's his intimates pressed him on the matter. He used to say on such occasions in his droll way, with his winning, whimsical smile, "God undoubtedly meant me to be a farmer and I entirely approve His judgment in the matter. I only ask Him to make me a good one." Such was his father's dearest wish for himself when he took off the harness of battle. Only the highest sense of duty made him relinquish his darling dream and accept the presidency of a college instead.

After things began to go smoothly on the plantation, he had abundant leisure for reading, of which all his life he was immensely fond, and he then read omnivorously in many directions. He was especially well informed in military history and biography and his knowledge of even the minutest events of the great struggle in which he had borne so active and honorable a part was marvellous in its exactness. Dates of actions, numbers engaged, strategic movements, were all at his finger's end.

He loved to talk about the war, but only to his old comrades who felt just as he did about the result. That result he, of course, accepted in the spirit that his father had with highest patriotism urged upon all his old soldiers in '65.

But he was of sterner stuff than to profess himself "glad that the war ended as it did," the craven shibboleth of so many political "patriots," informed by "a lively sense of favors to come."

He never for a moment regretted what Virginia had done, and thought down to the last day of his life that she should have acted as she did, if she had any regard for her great name, even had she foreseen at the beginning the disastrous end.

Possibly he did not remember that Demosthenes, more than twenty centuries before, standing on the steps of "the Bema," had thundered the same thing about the conduct of Athens to his countrymen lying prostrate under the Macedonian yoke. At any rate (for he "knew his Latin"), his favorite line in all classic poetry was the noble and sonorous utterance of the Roman bard,

Nec tam

turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum est.

During the past two years the dread disease (arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries) that had fastened on him grew steadily worse, rendering walking painful and compelling him to keep to his chair, always irksome to one of his temperament and activity, but the spirit of the man was invincible, and few of those who listened to his bright and humorous talk in those days or watched his urbane solicitude for the comfort of his guests, could possibly have realized the intense suffering that he was so stoically concealing.

At last, on Monday-night, October 19th, just on the eve of rounding out his seventy-first year, surrounded by devoted wife and adoring children and a few near kinsfolk, he quietly fell asleep at "Nordley, his summer-home in Fauquier."

Three days later, they tenderly bore his body to "Lexington in the Valley," there to place it beside that of his father and those of others of the old Arlington circle, all of whom, save one, had preceded him to the grave.

There the ceremonies were of such severe simplicity as became so simple a gentleman and so valiant a soldier, yet were they doubly impressive because of the utter lack of anything that savored of "the pomp of woe"—the pall borne by the

faculty of the great university, of which his father and his eldest brother had in turn been head—as escort, the full battalion of cadets from the “Virginia Military Institute”—the family and a few close friends, all afoot—a great concourse of people from town, and all the country-side, who had known and loved him in the old Lexington days—a pathetic handful, clad in gray, of white-haired veterans, some with empty sleeves, who in their “hot youth” had fought by his side under the very eye of “Old Stonewall” on countless stricken fields—such the *cortège*.

So, with the solemn ritual of the “Commitment Service” of the ancient communion to which he and his ancestors had belonged for generations, in the massive crypt of the “College Chapel,” just under the noble effigy of his great sire wrought in marble by the chisel of Valentine, was laid to rest all that was mortal of this noble gentleman—close, very close, in death, as he himself would most have wished, beside the ashes of him whom in life he most revered—whose very name he had borne “without abuse” through all the stress and storm of more than three-score years and ten, from “dewy youth” even down to that supreme hour when “Death’s bright Angel” had swung wide the door (“*Mors Janua Vitae*”), that he might enter in and drink the sunshine of a rarer ether—leaving us not sorrowing as those who have no hope, but rather with the firm assurance, touching our hearts as with sacred fire, that many a task well purposed by that busy brain, yet left unfinished when the “nerveless hand drooped over the spotless shield,” would still be wrought, and that he whom men called dead, was now, in very truth, but

“the breather of an ampler air
For ever nobler deeds.”

Here end these halting tributes to our honored dead.

Yet ere we turn the mournful page, not duty alone, but affection as well, bids us pause, if only for a brief moment, to record with unaffected sorrow the death of our faithful friend and janitor, Norman Wesley, who suddenly passed away in December last.

He was one of the highest and best types of the old-fashioned servant, whose like this garish "hustling" present shall scarcely see again. He came of good stock, his forebears having been for generations what were called in anti-bellum days "family servants" in the household of the Chamberlaynes of "Montrose," near this city.

"Norman" was in every way worthy of such progenitors—gentle, considerate, deferential without a touch of servility—indeed, of dignified and courtly manners—of absolute integrity, and keenly alive to all that concerned the well-being of the Society.

All of us who knew him well, shall miss and mourn him long, and we feel assured that we fulfil the proudest aspiration of that gentle heart in thus officially inscribing his name in the "Annual Report" of the Society, which he served so long and with such single-minded loyalty and devotion.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. GORDON McCABE,

President.

February 24th, 1915.

At the conclusion of the Annual Report, Judge D. C. Richardson was called to the chair. A motion was made and adopted thanking the President for his services during the year and for his very interesting report.

The next business was the election of officers and members of the Executive Committee. On motion, a nominating committee composed of Mr. W. Clayton Torrence, Dr. H. J. Eckensrode and Mr. Robert B. Munford, Jr. was appointed. The committee retired, and, on its return, Mr. Torrence stated that it recommended the re-election of the present officers and members of the Executive Committee. Judge George L. Christian was called to the chair, and on motion the following were elected:

President—W. Gordon McCabe, Richmond, Va.

Vice-Presidents—Archer Anderson, Richmond, Va., Edward V. Valentine, Richmond, Va. and Lyon G. Tyler, Williamsburg, Va.

Corresponding Secretary and Librarian—William G. Stanard, Richmond, Va.

Recording Secretary—D. C. Richardson, Richmond, Va.

Treasurer—Robert A. Lancaster, Jr., Richmond, Va.

Executive Committee—C. V. Meredith, Richmond, Va., Chas. W. Kent, University of Virginia, J. Stewart Bryan, Richmond, Va., A. C. Gordon, Staunton, Va., S. S. P. Patteson, Richmond, Va., S. H. Yonge, Richmond, Va., Wm. H. Palmer, Richmond, Va., Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph, Norfolk, Va., Daniel Grinnan, Richmond, Va., J. P. McGuire, Jr., Richmond, Va., Wm. A. Anderson, Lexington, Va., Morgan P. Robinson, Richmond, Va.

President McCabe resumed the chair and enquired whether there was any further business. As there was none, on motion the meeting adjourned.